

96.  
A N  
E L E G Y

On the DEATH of  
The Lord Chief Justice H A L E S :

Who died *December 26. 1676.*

**B**Ring your Oblations, Poet-laureat *Wits*,  
Here is a Subject your best Art befits.  
From me a meaner Offering must suffice;  
Who have no Brain for such a Sacrifice:  
But what needs an *Encomium*? Silly Verse  
Does but debase this honourable Herse.  
Is the blest Saint ascended up to rest?  
His holy Life and his Love-labours ceast?  
Good devout *Simeon*! Such was his Decease,  
Clasps his Redeemer, and *departs in peace*.  
What Heart droops not at his departing hence?  
'Tis as the Sun set, his set influence.  
Like that great Light, rejoycing in his Sphere,  
He ran his Circuit profiting every where:  
With an impartial hand turn'd Justice Scale,  
The poor mans Patron, helpt where fees did fail.  
A ruling great Example of the Gown,  
True to himself, his Countrey and the Crown.  
In all times fixt: so well he kept his ground,  
He seem'd the *Ax* on w<sup>ch</sup> the *wheel* went round.  
High above Praise, his own works well exprest,  
And better prove, *He knew most and did best*.  
Hence *petty grief*! Death here wounds a whole na-  
It calls for more than *common lamentation*. (*tion*,  
*Church* and *State*, put on black! Mourn Friends,  
The Loss is vast and Epidemical. (mourn all.

This worthy Pillar being faln to ground,  
Where is another *Atlas* to be found?  
Where such a Healer? where so right an Eye?  
Sage to discern and faithful to apply.

You of the long Robe, in each Inns-a-Court,  
To *Coke's* great name add *Hales* his good report,  
May it prove sem'nal of your Excellence  
In propagating Law and Conscience.  
A thousand *Phoenix* (if it may be) rise  
Out of his Ashes, good (like him) and wise:  
To build up Justice, Wrongs and Vice asswage,  
And reinforce the beggar'd bankrupt Age,  
In whom surviving it may yet be said,  
The Oracle of Law still lives, though dead.

The E P I T A P H.

**I**ngenious Reader, stay and drop a tear,  
*England's* great Darling and Defence lies here.  
Weep widow'd Nation, weep till *streams* do fall,  
Like a kind Bride: His Love was Conjugal.

Licensed.

Jan. 5. 1677.

*Ro. L'Estrange.*